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MONDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1910.

President Taft's Speech.

The utterance of President Taft in New York is worthy of careful perusal by every American citizen. It is a timely and important deliverance, calculated, from a political point of view, to infuse new courage into the Republican ranks, but above all, to assure the country that the President is thoroughly conversant with every detail of the economic problems which are causing protest. In discussing the questions now uppermost in the public mind, the President does not indulge in lurid rhetoric, but with characteristic judicial temperance presents the facts and outlines his deductions in calm and convincing fashion.

Every one who reads the speech must feel that the President is sincere in his effort to redeem the pledges of the Republican platform, and there is no reason to doubt that the majority in Congress will be equally loyal. Concerning the most important action which has yet been taken, viz., the enactment of the tariff bill, we feel sure that the President's analysis of that measure will have great weight in removing the impression, industriously sought to be created, that the revision was not in the interest of the people. The figures show that the tariff on all articles, except silks and luxuries, has been decreased, while woolsens remain unchanged. Under the operation of this new tariff, the deficit will soon be wiped out, and yet no serious injury will be done to any manufacturer. In other words, the tariff law is already demonstrating the wisdom of the men who framed it, and the likelihood is that each succeeding year will increase its value to the country.

President Taft realizes that there is an impression that the prevailing high prices are due to the new law. With great earnestness and emphasis he combats this position. "If the people listen to reasonable argument," he says, "it will be easy to demonstrate that high prices proceed from an entirely different cause." He does not minimize, however, the extent of the popular belief, and he is willing to argue his point before the people. He is wise in asserting his willingness to meet the issue boldly, and his courage will prove a stimulus to every member of his party. The important point, however, is to secure the widest publicity for the facts which he has gathered with painstaking care. The men who, for selfish or ulterior motives, are disseminating radical statements based upon misleading information, ought not to have everything their own way. They can do incalculable harm by instilling suspicion and doubt into the public mind, causing unrest and disquietude. It is the imperative duty of the President to check this disturbing element, and he has performed his task admirably. More than this, his hands will be upheld by every man, irrespective of party, who wants to see the country continue prosperous and contented.

It did not need the President's disclaimer to prove that he would not willfully disturb business conditions. His whole temperament and training are foreign to such an idea. He proposes that the corporations shall obey the law, but in saying this he is only fulfilling the obligations of his oath of office. We may be sure that he will safeguard the material interests of the nation, and that under his wise and sane guidance the vexatious problems of the present time will be happily solved.

Woman's Secretiveness.

A Chicago police magistrate, after long years of observation and experience, declares unequivocally that women keep secrets much more surely than men, jocosmiths, philosophers, and alleged historians to the contrary notwithstanding. He avers that in the smaller things, the relatively unimportant matters, it may be true that woman is the more loquacious; that she is naturally somewhat gossipy, and her domestic status, uneventful as it usually is, inclines her to small talk. But when it comes to the things that actually count—the vital, compelling, tremendous things—woman, according to this Chicago official, is so far beyond man that comparisons are all but ridiculous. Moreover, he says that nine out of ten police officers know this to be true, whatever the aspect of the question may be in other walks of life. Doubtless it is all as the Chicago man says. It seems likely enough, when contemplating in connection with certain characteristics of woman that are universally admitted. Take the matter of bearing physical pain, for instance. There is scarcely a physician anywhere who will not tell you that the average woman will bear without a murmur pain that would drive men to suicide. Woman shrinks shudderingly from the slightest impending danger, but she faces a real crisis when it is upon her in a way man rarely rises to.

"It," says our Chicago magistrate, "we could get the wives, sisters, mothers, and

sweethearts of Chicago to tell their secrets, we should soon clear up hundreds of seemingly impenetrable mysteries that have baffled us for many years. But we cannot do it. Methods that drag the miserable truth from men, time and again, fail utterly when applied to women. There may be a way to get them to tell the secrets we know they possess, but we have never discovered it, and never expect to."

All of which seems to ring true. It is so like a woman, anyhow!

The Wreck of the Maine.

Hearings have been held before the House Naval Committee on the several bills introduced in this session of Congress providing initial steps looking ultimately to the raising of the wreck of the Maine in Havana Harbor and the removal of that melancholy spectacle from the track of commerce, to which it presents the very practical aspect of an obstruction to navigation. This is a proposition which has been pending for several years. It has had the endorsement of the naval officials and of those who represented this government in Cuba.

A notable contribution to the official literature on the subject was the final report of Gov. Magoon, on the conclusion of his term of administration at Havana, when he took occasion to urge upon this government such legislative action and provision as would remove from Havana Harbor this wreck, and so relieve a situation which he very properly described as "a national reproach and an international scandal."

There are three or four of these bills which are now before the House Naval Committee. All but one of them are entitled to favorable report. The exception is one which seriously proposes to build a cofferdam around the wreck, pump out the water and then erect some sort of a permanent monument, which shall be a memorial to the dead, presumably leaving the twisted remnant of the old Maine as a sort of subaqueous sideshow. No more offensive perpetuation of a tragic event could be conceived. Such a proceeding would be, to put it mildly, a cheap and tawdry affair, besides giving permanence to a structure in Havana Harbor regardless of the wishes of the Cuban government and Cuban people. If the heroic dead of the Maine are to have a monument, it were better to have it erected in Washington, rather than in Havana Harbor.

There should be no two ways of looking at such a simple question; there ought to be no occasion for further delay in discharging a bounden duty. There need be no apprehension that the raising of the Maine is going to embarrass this government or cover it with the confusion of having disclosed to the world that the war with Spain was not justified. If there are any proofs of the real cause of the destruction of the Maine which are likely to be furnished by the raising of the wreck, that ought to be an additional argument in favor of the pending legislation, instead of urging the possibility as the occasion of the cowardly evasion of an obligation which is entitled to Congressional fulfillment with the least possible circumlocution.

Heredit and Genius.

Prof. Wilhelm Ostwald, an eminent German scientist, declares that "genius is an accident of nature." He denies that great talent or conspicuous ability is hereditary—at least, in any marked or conclusive degree. The truth is, genius is a term of very great elasticity. It is relative, and so it means one thing here and another thing yonder. One man is a genius at figures, another at writing, another at mechanical work, another at picking pockets. If it means aptness, it is the hand-maid of practice, generally; if it means power and ability successfully applied to the accomplishment of wonderful and helpful things, it is the slave of hard work and rigid attention to the same—nothing more or less.

Genius never accomplished anything much in this world merely because of its existence herein. It is like a grand piano—pregnant with magnificent possibility in the hands of one who has learned through years of toil and application how to get the soul-inspiring music out of it, but a useless thing, indeed, in the hands of one who knows it not, moreover, may not himself be able to get startling results from subtle manipulation of a hand saw and a file. The basic principle underlying both is the same—identically. Genius is not within the piano, nor yet within the hand saw and the file. They are instruments through which it may be made manifest; the genius is in the man, and is to be revealed only through the piano and the hand saw, because the man has labored to learn how he may truly make it known.

So we get back where some philosopher—Mark Twain, perhaps—started us; and we must admit the approximate truth of the contention that genius is, after all, merely hard work. To call it "an accident of nature" is to belittle it and undignify it. Whatever genius is, it is not an accident. What part heredit plays in differentiating the genius from the common run, so called, of mankind, we are not prepared to say. But surely that which may so positively be cultivated and rounded into full life is no "accident."

Latest Baseball News.

With the baseball season of 1910 almost at hand, there comes a startling tale from New York regarding a man who Saturday excitedly asked: "Who won the world's series?" This is not a joke, nor was the questioner insane. He was a fan who had not been able to get the information. Edward Rideout, a banker of San Francisco, shipped as pursuer of a British tramp steamer last July, and started for the Orient; from there to the Mediterranean, and to South America, the vessel last Saturday arriving at New York. Rideout, who is a young man, was a great baseball enthusiast, and was closely following the leaders in the races last summer. He "doped out" Pittsburgh and Detroit as the respective winners in the two leagues, and his first question on reaching Quarantine was: "Who won the pennant? Detroit or Pittsburgh?" Think of the pent-up enthusiasm that would have been let loose had the thousands who cling so closely to the score boards all over the country last October

been forced to wait five months for the result! Rideout can now look over the files of the papers and find out that Ty Cobb failed to make as many hits as Hans Wagner; that "Babe" Adams was the hero of the contests, and that for the first time in many years the series went to one man, but is ancient history to the millions of fans.

Probably Rideout will have an opportunity this year to follow the fortunes of the teams from day to day, instead of having to wait until the opening of the following season before learning the pennant-winner. At least, let us hope so; for it must be rather trying on the nerves to be impatient so long.

We do not believe that even young Theodore's impending marriage will be sufficient to take the shine off the elder Theodore's home-coming.

By and by, the baseball season will open. The initial game will be quite a relief, moreover. Ballinger, Finch, Congress, and the meat boycott can hardly hope to interest the public much longer, no matter how surely they ought to.

A correspondent notes that "all efforts to get Mr. Roosevelt to discuss the Taft administration have failed." And yet precious few people doubt, we imagine, that he will express himself, if he ever thinks he should.

A blind man is being sued in Pennsylvania for breach of promise. Blindness is not a permissible plea in cases of imagined love, however.

"An Indiana man has announced the discovery of a fish with legs," says the New York Herald. Plainly enough, the fish-drummer is about to confront the boarding-house contingent.

From calm and tropical seas in the Senate to a real, genuine freeze-out in the House, that Peary rear admiral proposition may be said to have been going some.

The "Chantrelle hat" is the latest thing in feminine headgear; it is merely a wire frame supporting a mounted rooster. Let us hope, however, that nobody ever dramatizes the gay and festive turkey.

What we really need is an expedition to go in search of the first robin of springtime.

As for Prof. "Matt" Henson, he will have to get himself a commission under a black flag, presumably.

A little steel trap for the purpose of catching peanut purloiners has been invented, and it is no respecter of kid gloves or policemen, either.

"There have been four great liars in history," says Dr. Heathcote. Tut! Mr. Roosevelt pointed out more than that.

The cost of living has been going up for some time, it appears. Francis Bacon once estimated his household belongings to be worth £90—a fabulous amount of money to live in any such fashion, according to writers of Sir Francis' day.

Perhaps the argument, growing somewhat vehement, concerning the quality of meat Mr. Roosevelt preferred when President may result in some good to humanity at large. So far, however, the probable good has not suggested itself.

"Why is it that I am here?" inquired Mr. Heyburn, in the Senate recently. If Mr. Heyburn does not know, the answer seems hard to locate.

The inclination of the courts to make Mr. Harry Thaw stay put is truly commendable.

"A scientist says that insanity is on the increase among servant girls," notes the Charleston News and Courier. Well, domestic help nowadays does appear to be somewhat flighty.

This Congress is not expected to pass the Federal Incorporation act. And Mr. Champ Clark is believed to harbor a sneaking notion that the next one surely will not.

Sweet and winsome Eleanor Robson is to be married, and will retire to private life. May the dawn of her to-morrow be all her rosiest dreams have pictured it.

For choosing to win academic honors rather than athletic, young Mr. Robert Taft will righteously be most heartily congratulated.

The city of Philadelphia spent \$5,000,000 more than its income last year. All on account of the increased cost of living, of course.

CHAT OF THE FORUM.

The Call of Publicity.
From the Memphis News-Scimitar.
Even an ex-President tires of obscurity. Mr. Stevenson has written a book of memoirs.

Might Compromise Mississippi.
From the Atlanta Constitution.
Why can't they solve that Mississippi Senatorial deadlock by compromising on Private John Allen?

Barkis Is Willin'.
From the Birmingham Ledger.
If Mr. Taft doesn't want a second term, Senator Beveridge is entirely willing to assume the responsibilities of the office.

Reduced to the Ranks.
From the Atlanta Constitution.
In the Republican camp General Harmony has been reduced to the ranks, where he found it easy to desert.

Q. E. D.
From the Detroit News.
As we understand Joseph W. Forrester, the Creator has done little or nothing for this country, and only the Republican party's high pretensions have saved it.

The Day of Enlightenment.
From the Indianapolis Star.
By the time Senator Lodge has settled the bills for his great campaign for reelection, he may believe there is something in the high cost of living after all.

Mr. Leupp's Discovery.
From the Houston Post.
Francis E. Leupp is writing in the magazines on "The Waning Power of the Press." Leupp never discovered the wane of power until he got out of the newspaper business himself.

Sermon by the Speaker.
From the Kansas City Times.
Speaker Cannon conferred for an hour with the insurgents yesterday. What they talked about is not stated, but those who know Mr. Cannon are confident that the subject was not the immortality of the soul.

Republican Leaders Distressed.
From the New Orleans States.
All things considered, it is not surprising that the Republican leaders are so deeply distressed over the fact that the public has awakened at last to the effect of the Aldrich tariff on the cost of living, hence there is much dread of the wrath that threatens to burst upon the pinheadland in November.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

THE OLD-TIME VALENTINE.

No box of orchids with a card
Will do for mine.
I'd sooner call a pot of lard
A valentine.

No bunch of roses should replace
In hush, hush
That proud tresses trimmed with lace
And Cupid's darts.

I love the tinsel and the gilt
Of old lang syne.
That is the stuff of which we built
A valentine.

Some tribute to it still is due
For old times' sake.
It was a sort of cousin to
A frosted cake.

Suffragette Society.

"We must call on the countess next."
"But the countess is in jail."
"Well, one must not neglect one's social duties. Let us drive around to the jail and leave cards."

Modern Accessories.

"I should like to have my photograph taken in an automobile. It looks so wealthy. I suppose you have an automobile?"
"I have something even wealthier," answered the photographer. "Here is a genuine egg sandwich. How would you like to be taken with that in your hand?"

Shopping Hint.

In buying valentines give heed
To how they're made.
See that the love is guaranteed
To never fade.

Utterly Regardless.

"Tender is Wombat, the popular novelist."
"I understand he writes exclusively of the richer set."
"He does. Why, he keeps a taxicab waiting for five chapters in his latest book."

A Better Guess.

"My husband was out late last night, and this morning I found a couple of acorns in his pocket. I dare say he's been looting at poker."
"Don't condemn him without a hearing. If he carries around acorns, he probably won't."

Going Through the Factory.

"We have now been through the entire factory," concluded the guide. "As I said before, this is the largest baked good factory in the world. Is there anything else I can show you?"
"Just one thing," said the attentive visitor. "I should like to have a peep at your poet."

Advice to Stealers.

Honesty—at least unless you own Congress or can buy the courts—is considered by many thoughtful persons to be the best policy. But the next best is to be in upon the division of the swag if you play the role of burglar. Stealing for a small salary is economic folly as well as turpitude. The man who gets rich, as all rich men know, is the man who has the brains to employ men with brains at such expense as will leave him a handsome margin of profits. Many energetic and aspiring men are forced by unfortunate circumstances to work for wages, or salaries, at a considerable net profit to employers, but nobody should consent to steal except upon a commission. Why the risk without the profit arising from the venture?

Remember the Maine.

From the Boston Traveler.
Twenty years ago next Tuesday the Maine was sunk in Havana Harbor by an explosion. The war that followed has long passed into history. The shattered hull of the battle ship still lies where it sank an impediment to navigation and a disgraceful monument to a forgetful nation.

It is the duty of this nation to raise the bones of the brave sailors who went down with their ship. The cost will not be tremendous; if it were, that would be no reason why such a manifest duty should go unperformed.

The American people to-day unite in demanding of Congress, in the language of the toasts which called the young men to war a dozen years ago, that it "Remember the Maine!"

The Petition He Signed.

From the New York Evening Post.
The curiosity of petition signing had a fresh illustration in England recently. One workmanman voter asked another to sign a petition which the suffragists were circulating.
"What's it for?"
"For the enfranchisement of women."
"Oh, I'll sign it." He proceeded to do so, but paused halfway through to ask: "It isn't votes for women, is it?"

He threw down the pen and departed.

"I thought you said enfranchisement." The question is what he thought the word meant. Possibly, a tax on spinsters or bolting in oil.

As in Many Cases.

From the St. Louis Star.
"I wonder why the bartender invariably gives the change to the man I invite to have a drink?"
"If you invite the man to drink the change is probably his," replied the fellow who had stood treat regularly.

A Mother's Anxiety.

From the Boston Transcript.
Willie—Ma, can't I go out on the street for a little while? Tommy Jones says there's a comet to be seen.
Mother—Well, yes; but don't you go too near.

A VALENTINE.

My sweet sweetheart, I fail you praise
Your lovely eyes if I but knew.
From meeting once their earnest gaze,
Whether their orbs be brown or blue;
You are not here to me, dear heart,
I'd like to make 'em—bride, or curd—
But then, though you're my sweetheart fair,
Alas! you're still the unknown girl!

I'd joy to tell you my riddles rec'd
To all your graces, all your charms;
Your dimpled neck, your waist so round,
The full, soft beauty of your arms.
I can't for slender you may be
As any fairy sprite; and hence
You'd naturally feel vexed with me
Or, maybe, take downright offense.

I wish you to tell you how
I love the very thought of you!
For that is all I can love—now—
Until I get a nearer view.
Yet I'm quite certain you exist—
Across the ocean, down the street,
Or here, or there. But I insist
You're watching out for me—my sweet!

With pride you virtues I extol,
Though not quite sure what they may be.
And 'tween each charming little fault
You may not have a word to me!
In short, sweetheart, I love you so
I need not write another line—
For when you read this you will know
You are my own—My Valentine!
—Madeline Bridges, in Puck.

PEOPLE AND THINGS.

Thirty-three.

If you ask some one how old he is, and, in all veracity, he is compelled to answer twenty-three, the laugh is decidedly on him. But should he make a reply that he was in his thirty-third year, it would seem nothing unusual. And yet, judging by statistics there is apparently something compelling for success about the latter number. At thirty-three Napoleon was emperor of France, Philip Sheridan rode on a foaming steed twenty miles, seized his retreating army and hurling it upon Early, snatched victory out of the jaws of defeat. At thirty-three Wolfe scaled the heights of Abraham at Quebec, dispossessed the French of their possessions in Canada, and gave two provinces to Great Britain. At the same age Correggio had produced his three greatest pictures, "The Assumption of the Virgin," "Ecce Homo," and "The Penitent Magdalen." George Stephenson made his first locomotive, Edison had harnessed electricity to the uses of man, Gray wrote his "Elegy," Poe his "Raven," and Thomas Jefferson the "Declaration of Independence."

Care of the Watch.

A watch, to be kept in good and regular working shape, needs extreme care. There is even a right and wrong way to wind a watch. It should always be wound in the morning, whether it be a key or a stem winder. In winding, you should turn slowly and avoid jerky movements. When a watch is wound at night it has only the weakened spring to offer as resistance to the jerks and jolts of the daytime, while the morning winding lessens the danger of breaking the mainspring, which, being no longer at full tension at night, can more readily stand the cold necessitated by separation from the heat of the body. A watch should never be suspended or laid against a cold surface. Sudden changes in temperature is frequently the cause of the snapping of the mainspring. The watch pocket should be cleaned quite often, for there never was a sewed seam made tight enough to keep out all the dust. Even with the greatest possible care a watch wants a thorough cleaning at least once a year. As the becomes dry, it mixes with metallic dust and grinds away on the works like emery. Don't lay your watch down one night and hang it up the next. Endeavor to keep it in the same position each night. A watch ticks something like 288,500 times a day of twenty-four hours. Just think of the gigantic task it performs in a year.

Natural Age of Man.

A French scientist claims that the natural duration of human life is 100 years. Of course, in various ways, man's constitution is broken down, so that it is unusual for one to live up to the 100-mark in years. M. Flourens, the Frenchman referred to herein, has many loyal supporters of his theory as to the proper span of the human life, and yet his conclusion does not by any means settle the question. His statement is based on observations taken from the group Mammalia, of the class vertebrata, as having the closest resemblance to man, and such species as are permitted to live the full term of their natural life under circumstances not admitting of error or doubt. Flourens found that their natural life extended to about five times the period of their lives from birth up to maturity. Applying the rule thus obtained to human life, and taking the age at which the body is fully matured to be twenty years, he concluded the natural duration of the life of man to be 100 years.

The First Uncle Tom.

This distinction of having been the first actor to assume the role of "Uncle Tom" in the dramatization of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's famous novel seems to rest with Daniel Worcester, of Roxbury, Vt. Mr. Worcester, now living at the ripe old age of seventy-six in the Vermont Soldiers' Home, at Bennington, is a native of Warren. He joined the original "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company at Lowell, Mass., in the year 1851, and played with it for several years. At the outbreak of the civil war he enlisted with a Connecticut regiment, wherein he was elevated to the rank of lieutenant by reason of his valor.

Overlooked Something.

From the Houston Post.
"What makes the trust magnate look so worried?"
"He has just read that the American farmer is very prosperous, and he feels that he must have overlooked something."

This Topsy Turvy World.

From the Kansas City Times.
Barefoot dancers earn enough to dress richly.
While modest people almost have to go barefooted.

TODAY IN HISTORY

St. Valentine's Day—February 14.

St. Valentine's Day has degenerated somewhat in recent years, and is now generally observed by the sending of focal pictures with suitable verses attached, or an equally ridiculous sentimental picture card. Formerly the proper ceremony of the day was the drawing of a kind of lottery, followed by ceremonies not much unlike what is generally called the game of forfeits.

In Pepy's Diary we find some notable illustrations of this old custom. It appears that married and single were then alike liable to be chosen as a valentine, and that a present was invariably necessarily given to the choosing party. "Noticing the jewels of the celebrated Miss Stuart, who became Duchess of Richmond," he records, "the Duke of York, being once her valentine, did give her a jewel of about £300; and my Lord Mandeville, her valentine this year, a ring of about £200. These presents were undoubtedly given in order to relieve the obligations under which the being drawn as valentines had placed the donors."

Notwithstanding the practice of "relieving," there seems to have been a disposition to believe that the person drawn as a valentine had some considerable likelihood of becoming the associate of the party in wedlock.

It was supposed, for instance, that the first unmarried person of the other sex whom you met on St. Valentine's morning in walking abroad was a destined wife or a destined husband. Thus Gay makes a rural dame remark:

"Last Valentine, the day when birds of kind
Their paramours with mutual chirpings find."

February 14 is the date on which Gray and Bell each received a patent for the first telephone in 1876; it is the birthday of Gen. Winfield Scott Hancock (1824); Charles L. Sholes, father of the typewriter (1819); Samuel Osmond, the first Postmaster General (1748); the day on which the United States flag was first seen in foreign lands and saluted in 1778, and upon which occurred the battle of St. Vincent, in 1797.

CANINE LANDS PACHYDERM.

Troublous Times Experienced in Removing Elephant from Ship.

From the New York Herald.
It was only by hard work that animals on board the President Lincoln, of the Hamburg-American Line, were taken out of the hold of that steamer and landed on the pier recently. The elephants were not willing to get into the large box used to hoist them to the pier, and the eight camels showed no better disposition. But when night came they were all out, including the warthog, the South American tapir, the llamas, and the leopards. The workmen couldn't get on friendly terms with Ghibby, a big elephant. Ghibby would not walk into the box. Apparently, he had some doubt about the correctness of being up in the air. They tried to fool Ghibby by backing away from the box, but he swung his trunk around dangerously. The men were perspiring. They were tired. They thought they would let Ghibby go back to his stall while they did something else. Ghibby was so mad that he would move neither way. Finally, one of the circus men cried out, "Where's the dog? Get the dog." A large Russian bearded man was brought out. He jumped at Ghibby, barking the while, until Ghibby became quite playful. As the white dog rushed at the elephant the pachyderm playfully backed away until he found himself in the box, with the dog still frolicking about at his feet. Quickly the door was closed on Ghibby and soon he was ashore.

GLOBE SIGHTS.

From the Athenian Globe.

Very few words mean much.
If you keep right, other things will keep right.

A man pursues bad luck oftener than bad luck pursues him.

It is as difficult to transplant people as it is to transplant trees.

Much of the "art" and "culture" you hear so much about is simply loafing.

When a boy breaks his own bicycle he breaks his sister's while his is being mended.

If you think every one has it in for you, it will not be long until every one will have it.

Let a wise man have good luck a few years and he will do as foolish things as anybody.

If the difference between two opinions is wide enough, it is safe to bet that both are wrong.

The evangelist is not the only man disposed to send to hell all those who fail to agree with him.

If it was not for pen and ink and the public platform, some men would burst with their pent-up emotions.

Say what you please about heroisms, all that most of us ask are collections of time-honored family jokes.

Every time a woman hears of a widower who has taken a second wife she treats her husband a little meaner.

Occasionally a man thinks he is quite popular with the girls, when the facts are he has proved himself a useful servant.

Explaining "Yours Sincerely."

From the Christian Advocate.

Have you ever reflected, when you finish your letter, "Yours sincerely, John Smith," why you do so? Well, if you subscribed yourself "Yours without wax, John Smith," it would amount to the same thing. Here's how: When the Roman jurymen returned their verdicts they usually did so on a wax tablet. In cases, however, where the verdict was so overwhelmingly in favor of a person on trial for any offense they were allowed to give their verdict "Sine cera"—that is to say, without wax, or without going to the formality of inscribing their verdict on the wax tablet (ceres). So, when you subscribe yourself "Yours sincerely" to a person, you mean—when you are